The Sun

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Mediation.

Let no plan that promises peace with honor be rejected without a trial. The proposal of an armistice with a view to mediation by three great republics of South America is one which this nation can afford to consider, particularly so because it is somewhat in the line of that new and desirable application of the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine which THE SUN had the honor of urging upon the attention of the Wilson Administration when the question was one of joint intervention in Mexican affairs, ourselves participating.

The principle to which Colonel ROOSEVELT'S useful efforts have given vitality south of the equator is not affected by the circumstance that the United States Government finds itself in a position in some sense to be judged, not merely to judge and act. The practicability or impracticability of the plan depends of course upon considerations at the present writing unknown; upon the attitude of General HUERTA, and indirectly, but in a very important degree, upon the behavior of the Constitutionalists. But when any way opens out of an apparent impasse it would be a crime against civilization not to weigh its possibilites.

The fact that President WILSON and Secretary BRYAN, by entertaining the proposal, are compelled to modify their previous theories on HUERTA'S status, and substantially to recognize him, whatever they may say about it, is of no great consequence except as regards their personal pride of opinion. It is the penalty to be paid for initial mistakes likewise personal. The country can stand it, if they can, for the sake of honorable peace.

The Adventures of Dr. Foster.

In the April-June number of the *Unpopular Review* some sophisticated assistant professor who combines a little amateur folk lore and anthropology with his tennis practice while he awaits the happy hour of a promotion or a golden marriage, writes a jeering "Model of Divinatory Criticism" on those ancient, trusty and well beloved lines:

"Dr. FOSTER went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle up to his middle
And never went there again."

The assistant professor begins with a fatal error. He assumes that FOSTER was a physician. Not so works the simplicity of Mère L'Oye. "Quack, quack," said the Duck. In the time of Dr. DIAFOIRUS the implication might have been clear. Not so in this day, and whether a prophecy, a history or a warning, the quatrain must be interpreted in terms of this day. Rain or shine, what is the commonest sort of doctor? It is the Ph. D. and the LL. D. What, in short, is the mathematic hieratic value of the line "Dr. FOSTER went to Gloucester"? It is almost the exact equivalent of "Philosophiæ et Legum Doctor." Dr. FOSTER, then, was a Ph. D. and LL. D. What is the etymology of "Foster"? As philology and the sequel show, it is a person likely to jump into a "foss" or ditch as Governor Foss of Massachusetts did in the fall of 1912. "Foss" and "Foster" are of one root.

And what and where is "Gloucester"? Metaphorically, anagogically and symbolically, it beckons to the Massachusetts port, to salt fish, to the salt sea, and to that still more famous body of water Salt River. There is also, and this must be kept in mind by the watchful interpretative topographer, a Gloucester in New Jersey. From New Jersey, then, to or toward Salt River, went Dr. FOSTER. "In a shower of rain." This is a cornucopial phrase, a bosom of fertility, such as we expect from DIANA of the Ephesians or a new tariff or a new freedom.

"He stepped in a puddle up to his middle." That shallow and muddy stream the Platte, the sacred river of the god of the Sacred Ratio, is a puddle. In art puddling and muddling are much the same. Muddling and puddling may be practised variously. Instances will be found in any dictionary. "They puddled and muddled with the tariff"; "muddling business"; "muddling with corporations"; "muddling the railroads," and so on. Has not the rain brought fertility? Clearly no; there is Salt River in the background; in the foreground is the Platte-ish mud puddle and therein Dr. FOSTER is up to the middle of his term. For a Ph. D., LL. D. and "cherisher" (FOSTER), who cherishes dreams great and small, must be a lecturer or professor or both. Such a man is naturally honored, he is elected to office. In the middle of his term do waves of misfortune (puddle) splash on him? "And never went there again." Was not re-elected? Mr. HENRY HOLT'S ingenious assistant professor concludes that Dr. FOSTER is "a being of the same order as ACHILLES and SIEGFRIED." We won't say no; we claim no monopoly of unriddling. But our interpretation is at least as good, even if it seems to point to a Dionysian (Dennisian) fate, a "peloponasia" or naming in mud; hence a popular expression.

Or is this hydropathic hiker only our old friend Dr. FAUSTUS? Submitted respectfully to that Grand Legionary of the Order of Industry Dr. HENRY AUGUSTINE BEERS, Buffalonian exile in parts of the Nutmegs and the only man who ever read JOEL BARLOW'S "Columbiad" through. Here is a poetical problem worthy of 'The Thankless Muse."

Vera Cruz, a Comparison.

The occupation of Vera Cruz, of which the seizure of the custom house was the first step, has cost the navy not far from the same losses that General WINFIELD SCOTT sustained in his elaborate land operations to reduce the city in February, 1847. SCOTT'S army consisted of 12,000 officers and men of all branches of the service, and Vera Cruz was defended by a force of 4,300, half of them regulars, commanded by General JUAN MORALES. The war with Mexico had been in progress for nearly a year. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey had been fought in northern Mexico with but slight effect upon the issue of the war.

A campaign against the city of Mexico by way of Vera Cruz had become necessary. SCOTT was to strike hard from the moment he landed, and for that day his complement of 12,000 men was a formidable American army. The landing on the beach was unopposed, and at once he began to invest Vera Cruz, which at that time was fortified by a series of bastions and redans. Heavy siege guns were landed from the American transports, and for four days an almost unremitting fire from the American batteries was kept up, to which the Mexican artillery replied vigorously. There was "sniping" of the American camp every night, and a Mexican force of 2,000 men was repulsed in an attempt to take the invaders in the rear from the direction of the Medellin River. Eighteen days after SCOTT disembarked his army the Mexicans surrendered Vera Cruz. Their losses were reported as about six hundred in killed and wounded, but "these figures," says RIVES (in "The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848") "must be grossly exaggerated." The casualties of the American army were twelve killed and forty-nine wounded, while the navy lost seven killed and eight wounded, a total of nineteen men killed and fifty-seven wounded.

In Admiral FLETCHER'S operations, not supposed to be an act of war in their origin, the American casualties were seventeen men killed and fifty-eight wounded, while the Mexicans lost 126 killed and 195 wounded, a total of 321. If it is true, as RIVES maintains, that the figures given out by the Mexicans after the capitulation of 1847 were "grossly exaggerated," it seems to follow that history practically repeats itself in the casualty list; that is to say, the losses inflicted upon the Americans by "snipers" in undefended Vera Cruz in 1914 were about the same as SCOTT'S casualties, while the losses of MORALES defending the city with more than 4,000 men were no heavier apparently than those of the unorganized Vera Cruzians whom General MAASS left behind him to harry Admiral FLETCHER'S pacific invaders.

Refusing the Meed of Praise.

The perfection of the inopportune and the unfit was achieved when Representative SAUNDERS of Virginia made his onslaught in the House upon the soldiers and sailors of the United States. Several thousands of these men are risking their lives daily at Vera Cruz in the country's service. A good many of them have been killed, a large number wounded. Unhappily it is only too certain that hundreds, perhaps thousands of others will presently fall victims to Mexican bullets.

The callous cruelty of attempting to rob the dead and maimed and those who are facing death and injury of the credit due their courage and devotion indicates a distorted mental vision, an appraisal of human values alien to the healthy heart and brain. The anti-militarist spirit when it takes a personal rather than an economic direction and assumes to belittle those who follow the trade of war is always wrong-headed. It is untrue to history and to human nature. It makes for effeminate and sordid ideals. But at ordinary times it may be passed over as are sundry other mistaken views held by well intentioned people.

But there is no excuse for the flaunting of such ideas when the country is experiencing the ordeal of war and when its military forces are actually undergoing the perils and sufferings which ennoble their calling. To say that they deserve no credit because they only do their duty is nonsense at any time; it is rank ingratitude in the present conjuncture.

It is refreshing to read in contrast with this speech upon the floor of Congress the words of JOHN P. LANE, father of DENNIS JOSEPH LANE, seaman of the New Hampshire, who was killed at Vera Cruz: "He died in a good cause," said the bereaved parent, "and I am proud of him. If I were thirty years younger I'd go myself." Practically every one in the country is proud of Seaman LANE and his comrades, whether dead or alive. Every one is willing to praise them—or almost every one.

Probably Mr. SAUNDERS'S district may be trusted to deal with him as he deserves at the right time. But there are a few others who are bewailing unduly this call upon the manhood of the country. Let them be silent until the crisis has passed. This is no time for discouraging the people or their champions.

English for the English.

Mr. J. HERBERT THEWLIS, sometime Mayor of the English Manchester, innocently or guiltily asks a Chicago *Tribune* reporter what "swank" means and if it is "American slang or English." Wherever in the land of the free the interviewer has tapped him, the Manchester man declares "swank" has been laid to his charge; and curiously enough, "never a reporter saw me" [him]. If Mr. THEWLIS seriously asserts that certain American reporters or poets have invented him, all right. It is none of our business or pleasure to maintain the theory of his reality, but "swank" is imported English slang for "swagger," as he must know or would know were he actual instead of fictional. We are mighty sorry if he doubts his existence or doesn't have any. An ingenuous mind, interested in the whimsicalities of contemporary speech, will find on this oblate spheroid no richer fruitage of it than in Cook county, Illinois, the captial of poetry. If Mr. THEWLIS truly is, and not a figment of some exuberant Chicago reporter, we beg him to soak his mind in the works of the Hon. INCREASE ENGLISH SANBORN, the Chicago *Tribune's* baseball historian. In the very same number in which Mr. THEWLIS expresses his wonder, occur these among multitudinous other Sanborniana:

"Two prolific pestles; pitting pitching and pegging; LONE delivered his quadruple blow with two pals on the runway; cinched the game right there; while the bugs were hustling; a chance to knot the count; sprinted around the cushions; it was a beatific swat all right and topped off a swell day's work by the husky right gardener; reached third on the doings; whiffed HAGERMAN for the first out; wild pitched CARISCH across the pan."

Familiar as he doubtless is with the vocabulary of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON and BURKE, the former Mayor of Manchester would have some difficulty in translating these gems into fair round English or medium Midlands; and what would he or anybody else, from JAMES BRYCE to MAURICE HEWLETT, that well known collector of preciosities, do with a glorious soaring rhapsody like this:

"The big southpaw let in a third run with a wild pitch and blew the tying tally within scoring distance in the sixth with a loose chuck past HAL CHASE. With that out of his system RUSSELL settled down and would have held the game to eight and a half innings if Buck WEAVER had not made a high shot over LORD'S head in relaying the ball back after LELIVELT'S three base knock over BODIE'S dome. There wasn't a soul looking for such a throw, consequently nobody backed up third. That blunder would have prolonged the battle indefinitely if COLLINS had not objected in the form of a circuit clout in the home ninth."

This rare and radiant English hasn't been studied enough; hasn't been studied at all in England. The Rhodes scholars haven't carried it to Oxford.

Yet, "how strange it seems and new." Won't some philanthropist found at that university or at Cambridge a professorship of Sanbornese and other hieratic baseball language?

General Tracy.

General BENJAMIN F. TRACY at 84 is an inspiration for all men to patriotic endeavor. Since he first took public office in 1853 he has given unstintingly of his thought, his will, his energy to his country, and always to the country's profit. He fought through the civil war with honor, and then achieved even greater distinction as the upbuilder of the modern American navy. He was a leader in the movement for strong sea power for the United States, and under his administration nearly all the ships which took part in the Spanish war, some of the greatest fighting machines of their day, were constructed. To-day his courage and spirit remain undimmed by years. He is as outspoken as ever for a national maritime force proportionate to the greatness and the responsibilities of the country. His soundness of judgment likewise remains unimpaired. His view of the recent blundering Mexican policy displays robust good sense as distinguished from sublimated theory. But his sense of the duty of every man to stand by the Government is none the less resolute. Let us hope that for many years to come General TRACY will continue to be an exemplar of public spirit and a wise counsellor to his countrymen.

The Theatrical Season.

Few theatre managers would pretend that the season now drawing to a close has been generally prosperous, although there have been isolated cases of good fortune. Managerial success is more widely heralded than the costly failures of prospective enterprise.

A play which cost its original producer some score of years ago a small fortune is just now delighting the town. It might be possible to conclude from its present success that the public is now educated to appreciate brilliant dialogue as it never was before. Since sparkling talk is all that "Lady Windermere's Fan" has to offer, there might seem wisdom in that conclusion. There was a public for "Fanny's First Play" sufficiently large to keep it on view for months. "How easy, then, should the task of the manager be"; so might the uninitiate reason. "Brilliant speeches are what the public wants now, even if it did take years to acquire that taste."

There would be only disaster for the theatre manager who came to this conclusion. It is the preponderance of talk, bright and otherwise, in modern plays that has led to the present disheartened attitude of the managers. That there are audiences for the best of these plays of verbal wit during a certain period is not to be denied; but for real plays the audience is permanent, unfailing.

Evidence of this might be found in the present tendency of managers to return to the theatre of the despised SARDOU to find material of the kind that the contemporaneous playwrights are unwilling or unable to supply them. "Diplomacy," the English version of SARDOU'S "Dora"—the author called it a travesty of his work—has been the most successful play of the past season in London, and it is to be performed ambitiously here next season. Then the ancient "A Scrap of Paper" will soon be acted here. So there are still managers too wise to be persuaded by the success of one play of brilliant talk that the public has learned to care only for this kind of drama.

A new law has just been passed by the Legislature of this State (Chapter 362, Laws of 1914) increasing the penalty for laying bombs in any place where human life might be destroyed by their explosion. The former law made seven years imprisonment the maximum sentence for this offence unless life were actually lost. The new statute raises it to twenty years, making the crime lie in the malicious intent regardless of the result. This severity was needed to uphold the authorities in their efforts to put down a most inhuman and particularly elusive form of crime. The punishment is none too severe for those found guilty, and the example of their fate, it is to be hoped, will have a terrifying effect on the cowardly wretches who take this means of wreaking vengeance or practising extortion.

Some one in London has just paid £210 for one of the last letters that NELSON wrote to Lady HAMILTON before his death at Trafalgar. There is something ironic in this when one thinks of what that sum or even a tenth of it would have meant to the woman in those last squalid days at Calais.

The reform that destroys is beautifully illustrated in the Kentucky insurance situation. Idealistic legislation has driven a hundred companies out of the State and killed the business. The underwriters say parts of the Green-Glenn act are intolerable and they will write no policies until the objectionable sections are nullified. The State authorities refuse to compromise. Meantime no insurance can be got in the State; business men can neither make new loans nor renew old ones. Financial chaos impends. But the progressive spirit is duly elate.

LADA is a surprise in Russian dances.—*Headline.*

The real surprise is that anything should surprise in the dances of to-day.

Representative J. HAMPDEN MOORE of Pennsylvania tells the American Society for Thrift that we are a "spending people." What we spent on gewgaws in the last five years would have paid for the Panama Canal. Very true, but how would the Panama Canal be built if we didn't spend money, and what would be the use of it? Spending money makes money. We could not grow rich through mere hoarding.

It might seem that this country had enough on its hands at present without inviting further international complications by exporting a troop of hotel "turkey trotters" to London to dance for the diversion of their visiting countrymen. The peril of the projected invasion lies chiefly in the superiority of the American performers in this field. The London tango and onestep observed here do not compare favorably in grace of execution or originality of steps with the native brand. May the rivalry lead to no serious results!

THE "BUTTERFLY."

A Symbolic and Saccharine Metamorphosis and Evolution.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* May I add a word in defence of the "butterfly"? The culminating of woman's life into the butterfly stage foreshadows the height of her existence and complete conformity to nature's laws. In the great outdoor world the passing of the grub to chrysalis and then awakening into the butterfly is all too familiar an occurrence to justify comment, but the metamorphosis of woman warrants attention.

History is replete with the grublike woman of bygone days, existing yet, of course, among our Oriental neighbors, when man lifted up his voice and she obeyed. Here and there among the grubs one was transformed centuries ahead of her sisters: witness Delilah of the shears, and Queen Elizabeth, at whose nod and sign gentlemanly heads fell with a thud. Eve herself was a bit papilionaceous, for was not her avidious clutch on the apple of knowledge a fling at freedom from the watchfulness of man? The witchcraft outrages at Salem attest the deathlike torpor of the aurelian woman in our own country. Other nations offer epochs of equal horror.

Casting off this lethargy woman has come into her own. The trial of her new found wings has been pleasurable and gayly she sips her nectar from fashion, the arts and the admiration of man.

Some, of more daring type or stronger wing, have flown a length beyond an ordinary butterfly's flight and seek to drink the sweet of casting a vote like unto man. When this honeyed comfit cloys the taste the gods alone know what saccharine novelty will appeal; the Delphic oracle is mute. LYDIA H. GALE.

ALBANY, April 21.

Champ Clark and the Czar.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In answer to the unnamed gentleman who criticises in THE SUN to-day some comment previously made by me on Champ Clark, who spoke up in my district Sunday last, I would say, I quoted him as by THE SUN'S report, of date of April 20. In case THE SUN was quite in error, I was also; it does seem, however, like dollars to doughnuts that the habit, long established, of old New Yorkers, to believe what they see in THE SUN, gives a good basis for such comment as I indulged in. Your paper Monday quoted Speaker Clark as follows: "I firmly believe that in less than ten years there will be a Duma in St. Petersburg that will put the Czar out of business," &c.

NEW YORK, April 24. T. W. B.

The Author of "The Volunteers."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The stanzas entitled "The Volunteers" were written by the Rev. Edmund H. Sears, D. D., who at the time of the war with Mexico was a clergyman in the town of Wayland, Mass. "J. H. P." is right in the correction he suggests. F. B. S.

BOSTON, April 24.

Up From the Languid Mexique Seas.

Up from the languid Mexique seas
What sound is this our hearts abhor?
Loud wafted on the southern breeze,
It is the sanguine voice of War!

Our honor, this we hold in trust,
Bequeathed by valiant sires to sons,
So, since ye must, aye, since ye must,
Speak, O ye battle shotted guns!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

MR. DOVE'S METAMORPHOSIS.

An Extraordinary Incident in the Lives of Several Philanthropists.

Mr. A. Carnegie, while walking in Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon, was set upon by a large and ungainly feathered biped, which slapped him on the back and with an offensive air of familiarity exclaimed:

"Gimme yer claw, ole top!"

Mr. Carnegie's first thought was to summon help, but as he was about to do so his assailant suddenly fixed his talons in Mr. Carnegie's coat tails and flew with him over Central Park and to a roosting place overlooking Morningside Heights.

Mr. Carnegie was not injured in transit, but his conductor after the manner of a shrike scratched him slightly while impaling him on a large thorn projecting from the material of the roost. It was some time before Mr. Carnegie recovered his presence of mind. When he did he glanced around him and was surprised to see a number of his acquaintances depending like household ornaments around the edge of the roost.

Among them were the Hon. Nicholas Murray Butler, the Hon. Henry Clews, the Hon. William J. Brennings, the Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, William Dean Howells and several other earnest advocates of universal peace.

"My friends," said Mr. Carnegie, "what is the meaning of this astounding circumstance?"

"Mr. Carnegie," replied Mr. Butler, "you can search me."

"How the devil can I search you while I am hanging here like a wasp nest in a museum?" demanded Mr. Carnegie, somewhat irritably.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" exclaimed the strange bird that had carried Mr. Carnegie to this extraordinary meeting, "do not lose your tempers. I am responsible for your presence here."

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Fairbanks.

"Do you, then, not recognize me?" said the strange bird. "I am the Dove of Peace."

The company looked at the bird in amazement. It had a great hooked beak and heavily hooded eyes. Its claws were long and sharp. Its color was mottled gray and its dimensions were those of an Andean condor.

"I have fed the Dove of Peace for many years and furnished a whole settlement of birdhouses for it to roost in," at length said Mr. Carnegie. "You will see that I don't contradict you, but you bear small resemblance to my little friend."

"Yet I am not an impostor," replied the bird. "I am undergoing a process of expansion which accounts for my unfamiliar appearance."

"What! A new makeup?" interestedly asked Mr. Brennings.

"Even so," said the Dove. "And with my new makeup I have acquired some new lines the propriety of uttering which I desire to expound to you. My first thought was to invite all of you to dinner, but I reflected that if I did each would want to make a speech. I do not want to hear a speech from any of you. So I adopted the course of collecting you here, where I have made my home for some time, partly because of the dictates of prudence and partly because in my present frame of mind this more natural place of habitation has seemed to me more comfortable than the highly artificial cages in which I have been welcomed for some time.

"Gentlemen, no matter how much it hurts, you will be silent for a time or I'll peck ye."

Earnestly desiring peace, all remained silent.

"For some time," said the Dove of Peace, "I have felt a change coming over my disposition and noticed a distinct alteration in my point of view.

"This transformation began several years ago, not long after our friend Mr. Díaz quit that nation to the south of us for whose people we now bear a so well advertised love.

"At first its effects were slight, and in some instances transitory. But each recurrent incident of its progress made greater headway and affected me more importantly.

"Purely mental in the beginning, this stronger reformation of my disposition soon caused a considerable alteration in my conformation.

"My beak, once useful only for the transfer of vegetable foods to my department of the interior, assumed a consistency and a hook that ill suited it for that purpose. It became better adapted to tearing and rending. My eyes, once unprotected from the glare of the noonday sun, were shaded soon by these notable brows. My pedal extremities enlarged and grew powerful. My wings altered in shape. My demeanor became stern and unyielding.

"These things may seem strange to you, gentlemen, but they are all in the course of nature. The truth must be apparent to you, as it is to me.

"The salient fact is that I was born an eagle. In my youth and early days I lived the free and venturesome life of my kind. I cared little for the refinements of luxury, but gave my affection to the vast open spaces of heaven and earth. I knew no coop or cage, but nested on the inaccessible peaks of those mountain ranges that divide my native land generally into three parts.

"In those days my bank roll was negligible, but my ambitions were like my flight—high.

"I recognized no man as master and knew no law save self-preservation and honor.

"How it came about that my inborn and natural characteristics were concealed is not plain to me; but I became acquainted with luxury, and, seduced by its allurements, I made a real and successful attempt to appear other than I was.

"I was induced to pop my eyes out, to file my beak off, to submit my nethermost extremities to the art of the pedicure. I bleached my feathers, following well authenticated precedents, and sought to comport myself as a squab.

"How successful I was you know. All of you were deceived and accepted me as a Dove. Perhaps you did not inquire very closely: you rejoiced at my apparent weakness and my docility, and were anxious to be deceived for your own purposes.

"As for me, I enjoyed the life of ease that you provided for me. Willingly would I have continued in it. But, gentlemen, Mother Nature may be baffled for a time, but eventually she will have her way. An Eagle may masquerade as a Dove for a while, but in the end its innate instincts must assert themselves.

"This reflection came to me when at first I observed the reversion I was undergoing. It led me to withhold from any attempt to check the process. It even caused me to aid it in its progress. I have shaken off my assumed habit, and I soar above you in my true incarnation!"

With these words the Eagle soared to the top of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and waved its wings majestically at its wondering guests. Having done this, it returned to the roost.

"I should be ashamed to be guilty of trickery or deceit," said the noble bird. "You gentlemen have been kind to me, and suffered many a fit of indigestion for my sake. So, knowing the difficulty of getting any of you to listen if you had a chance to talk, I adopted the scheme of which you are aware to bring you here. Now I shall return you to the places from which you were taken. You shall suffer no harm. Yet one warning I leave with you. Heed my words:

"Never again try to convince the world that the national bird maintained by your Uncle Samuel is anything except a full grown Eagle!"

THE CANAL IN WAR TIME.

Existing Treaty Entitles Us to Close It Against Enemies.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In the debate on the tolls bill Mr. Underwood contended that if we admit the canal to be an international highway open to all nations on equal terms for commercial purposes we must therefore admit it to be a highway for the enemy if we become belligerent, or, as he put it, "the canal in time of war would become a liability instead of an asset." The strategical position of the canal makes its complete military control by us a vital weapon in our scheme of national defence, and its use or possession by an enemy a correspondingly powerful weapon against us. For these very reasons Mr. Underwood's position was absurd from the standpoint of international law, a well settled principle of which is that any provision of a treaty putting the safety of a nation in danger is ipso jure voidable. We are therefore entitled with perfect honor to take any measures at the canal which the military exigencies of the case demand.

That Great Britain anticipated we would take this position if we became a belligerent I think the papers in the case make clear. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 provided for a completely neutralized canal; it prohibited assumption and exercise of sovereignty, colonization, exclusive control and fortification; military protection was assumed jointly by the parties to the contract, with provision for the admission of other nations to the benefits on submission to the terms. This treaty was abrogated in 1902 and replaced by the present treaty, whose object as stated therein was to remove the objections in the old treaty to the construction of a canal by our Government, and which did remove the objections enumerated.

Fortification not prohibited by our present treaty and exclusive management, regulation and military occupation sanctioned by it are utterly repugnant to neutrality in the event of our becoming a belligerent. If the treaty permits the means it cannot logically be interpreted to prohibit the end, therefore the military provisions of the treaty must be construed as applied to belligerents other than the United States, and Mr. Underwood's reductio ad absurdum, that the highly developed logical sense of Colonel Goethals and his force would compel them to lock through a Japanese fleet for a descent upon New York, was worthy of "Alice in Wonderland." B. H. COFFEY.

ELIZABETH, N. J., April 24.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Official Statement or Opinion of the Movement of Immigration.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In view of the recent statements in the Congress of the United States and the newspaper controversy over the movement of United States settlers to Canada and Canadian settlers to the United States, the enclosed statement, made on February 10, 1914, by Mr. J. Bruce Walker, Dominion Government Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, Manitoba, will be of interest to the public generally.

You will note that Mr. Walker says that the Dominion Government is just as careful in compiling reports of settlers going out of Canada as those coming in, and he gives you exactly the figures of the movement, which can hardly be discredited by any general statement. I have every reason to believe that his figures are to all intents and purposes absolutely correct and that they represent accurately the movement to Canada and the United States:

"It is quite true that 618,000 Americans crossed the line into Canada during the past six years, but it is perfect nonsense to say that 594,000 Canadians moved to the United States in the same period. We count only as immigrants to Canada those who declare themselves intending to become permanent Canadian settlers and to definitely make their homes in Canada. The United States authorities, on the other hand, enumerate all the thousands of Americans who go back to the United States for a visit and it will occur to you in a moment that it is a mighty important difference. Those Americans who leave Canada, certainly leave Canada; that is true, but they leave to come back in a week, in two weeks, in two days, or two months; they are not leaving permanently.

"The Canadian Government takes exactly the same precaution to enumerate Canadian citizens leaving Canada for the United States as it does to enumerate citizens of the United States who leave that country to come to Canada. For instance, during the year 1913, 1,534 people left Canada declaring themselves intending to make their homes in the United States, and they took with them ninety-four carloads of settlers' effects. In the same period 120,000 Americans declaring intention to become Canadian citizens entered western Canada ports, bringing with them 7,654 carloads of effects. These facts tell a story better than anything else I can say." E. J. KELLEY.

NEW YORK, April 23.

Testimonials.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It may be a not inopportune moment to direct the attention of our distinguished Secretary of State to the convincing demonstrations which are about to begin throughout Europe and Latin America of that affection and respect in which all nations must hold a just people.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 24. F. L. M.

Modern Quick Action.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Among the many practical improvements in our ways of doing things that so signally mark the present time none strikes me personally more agreeably than the celerity with which we now press clothes.

I can remember a time when if I desired to get my only presentable suit of clothes pressed I had to go to bed and wait for it; for in that slow going time no tailor would do a job of that sort or of any sort in less than twenty-four hours; but now?

Why, now I can step into a tailor shop almost anywhere, shed my wrinkled habiliments, and then in twenty-five minutes walk proudly out wearing clothes restored to their original sightly smoothness.

NEW YORK, April 24. VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

Scheme.

Knicker—How would you finance the war?
Bocker—Tax every one who thinks he knows how to run it better.

The Redwing.

From the Century.

I hear you, Brother, I hear you,
Down in the alder swamp,
Springing your woodland whistle
To herald the April pomp!

First of the moving vanguard,
In front of the spring you come,
Where flooded waters sparkle,
And streams in the twilight hum.

You sound the note of the chorus
By meadow and woodland pond,
Till, one after one up-piping,
A myriad throats respond.

I see you, Brother, I see you,
With scarlet under your wing,
Flash through the ruddy maples,
Leading the pageant of spring.

Earth has put off her raiment
Wintry and worn and old,
For the robe of a fair young sibyl,
Dancing in green and gold.

I heed you, Brother. To-morrow
I too, in the great employ,
Will shed my old coat of sorrow
For a brand new garment of joy.

BLISS CARMAN.

MEDALS TURN EYES TO NAPOLEON'S DAYS

Boys and Girls Preparing Essays in Contest Open to All Schools.

MORE PICTURES TO-DAY

Studies of Young Writers Aided by Additional "Sun" Illustrations.

Other wars besides the Mexican conflict are occupying the attention of many boys and girls of Greater New York during their leisure hours. Stimulated by the essay competition for medals arranged by THE SUN in celebration of the Napoleon Bonaparte centennial, they have been studying with the greatest zeal the life of the most celebrated warrior of modern times.

On April 20, 1814, Napoleon bade farewell to his faithful old guard and started from Fontainebleau for the Island of Elba. He arrived there on May 4. The train of events leading to this crisis in his life are portrayed vividly both by pictures and text in the magazine section of THE SUNDAY SUN of April 19. In the same section of to-day's issue will be found the story of Napoleon's boyhood and youth.

These illustrated weekly articles will continue during the contest and will be of the greatest service to those thoughtful contestants who take the trouble to read them carefully.

THE SUN asks the school children of New York city: What is the verdict on Napoleon to-day? The exact question that it asks is: Was Napoleon I. the greatest man of modern times, and if so why? If he was not, why not?

Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals.

To the boys and girls of the city who send in the best answers to this query in essays not exceeding 500 words THE SUN will award three gold medals, six silver medals and sixty bronze medals. The design is a handsome one. On the face of the medal are the words "Essay Contest," with "THE SUN" beneath. In the centre of the medal one sees the sun rising above two mountain peaks, with a body of water in the foreground. At the bottom of the medal are the figures "1914" in the centre of a laurel wreath. On the reverse side are the words "Awarded to," with space for the name of the winner.

Competitors will be divided into three classes, according to age. There will be no contest among the classes, only among the boys and girls in each class. To winners in each class a gold medal, two silver medals and twenty bronze medals will be awarded.

Class 1 will consist of boys and girls aged 14, 15, 16 or 17 years who attend any school in Greater New York. No scholar over 17 will be admitted to the contest.

Boys and girls who are 12 or 13 years old will form Class 2.

The third class will consist of boys and girls of 11 years or under.

Competitors should remember that a boy or a girl is 11 years old until his or her twelfth birthday, 12 until the thirteenth birthday and so on. Thus any one now attending school in the greater city who has not reached his or her eighteenth birthday is eligible to compete. But a boy or girl entering must be on a school roll.

Open to All Schools.

As to the kind of school there is no restriction. THE SUN wants the best efforts of boys and girls in public, private and parochial schools, elementary, grammar or high school grades, provided only they come within the age limit.

Essays must not exceed 500 words, but may be of any length under that. The length will have nothing to do with the judgment passed upon them. The judges will consider only the thoughts, facts, reasoning and argument of the writers.

The contest will close Tuesday, May 19, and all essays must be sent by noon of that day. This gives every one just a month to prepare and submit an essay. The prize winners will be announced as soon as possible after the closing day.

Essays should be written legibly, and each boy and girl must sign his or her name, home address, age and school.

Each competitor must also personally sign the following declaration at the bottom of his essay:

"I give my word of honor that the essay above is original with me."

Essays MUST be written on only one side of each sheet of paper used. Do not roll up your essay in sending it to THE SUN. Send it flat if you can, fold it if you must; but if it is rolled it will not be considered.

Should Keep Copies of Essays.

THE SUN will not return any essays. Each boy and girl who wishes should keep a copy of the contribution sent in for the contest. All essays offered in the contest are to be the property of THE SUN, with the privilege to publish in whole or in part.

At the top of the first page of each essay should be written plainly the class in which the writer falls, according to age.

Essays of 500 words are not long enough properly to allow extensive quotations, so it is a rule of the contest that there must not be long citations from any source. A sentence or two quoted from any work on Napoleon is entirely permissible, but if the judges find two or three paragraphs quoted bodily from some writer they will reject the essay.

Essays should be addressed "Napoleon Contest, THE SUN, 170 Nassau street, New York."

There is only one other condition, and that is that each essay be signed by a teacher of the school in which the contestant is enrolled. The teacher's signature must certify that the author is a pupil in the school and of the age given. The form like this is suggested:

"I certify that ——— (name) is enrolled at ——— School — years old."

This shall be copied at the bottom of the last sheet, to be signed by the teacher.

NAPOLEON PICTURES PRAISED

Did Much to Arouse Public School Pupils' Interest in Contest.

The publication Sunday of the special Napoleon number of the magazine section of THE NEW YORK SUNDAY SUN did much to add to the interest the schoolboys and schoolgirls of Greater New York in the Napoleon essay contest of THE SUN.

The two beautiful full page [illegible] printed by THE SUN'S intaglio [illegible] the other half page pictures were [illegible] as stimuli and the text that [illegible] them, which treats of events [illegible] to Napoleon's defeat by the [illegible] Powers, his abdication and [illegible] to the island of Elba, will be of great assistance to the contestants. [illegible] *Estate.*

Waste of Energy.

Vesuvius—I'm going to erupt.
Etna—Me too, but North America won't pay any attention to us.